THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
SEPTEMBER 12 1928
FIVE CENTS

VOLUME I NUMBER 31

THEY READ IT

At the City Council meeting last night a letter from Chief of Police August Englund was read asking for a vacation from Sept. 13th to 23rd inclusive. It was granted him.

A letter was read from W. L. Overstreet, Chairman of the Boy Scout Council, requesting the use of the City Lot for the forthcoming Carmel Circus. This request was also granted.

And then the Council settled down to a reading and consideration of the new Zoning Ordinance, drawn up by City Consultant Cheney. And it read and considered and read and considered and the Ordinance was very long. It covers thoroughly all the features of the old Zoning Ordinance, adding the Heights of Buildings Limitations Ordinance. passed some months ago, and introducing new features such as Set-back Lines, provision of State Housing Laws, and others.

"It sounds to me as if that Ordinance was not drawn up with Carmel in mind at all" said Councilman Jessamine Rockwell. "It does not sound as if it had our peculiar needs in mind."

At any rate the Ordinance was much longer than Carmel is large, and was referred to City Attorney Campbell to have its legality passed on. It will be formally read and passed on at the next meeting (Sept. 18th) when the matter of San Carlos paving will also be considered.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK

Carmel's third jury case in twelve years occurred on Tuesday. It was a bootlegging case. (See page two.)

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A three-day repeat performance of "The Barker" was given by the Abalone League, and no other play. No other play in the whole of Carmel.

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Prince George of England arrived and provided pride, pleasure and heart-burnings.

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Mr. Edward G. Kuster has inaugurated a stirring campaign, led by Tommi Thomson, to collect the $3000 necessary to reopen the Golden Bough Theatre.

FROM OX CART TO AIRPLANE — FRANZ GERITZ

courtesy "The Argus"

The above wood-cut by the Hungarian artist Franz Geritz is an illustration for the book "From Ox Cart to Airplane," one of a series on "California," to be published by the Powell Publishing Company. Geritz is illustrating two others in the series. Sonia Wolfson, says: "He is above all a lover of the personal. Nature is not only a conglomeration of hills and valleys, lakes and seas; neither is it wholly an aesthetic array of curves and angles, light and shadow. To Geritz, it is rather an amazingly diverse arrangement of pulsating life rhythms—a constant vivid drama of birth and growth, struggle and death, and always rebirth. . ."

A COLLEGE IN OUR SUBURBS

By R. C. Bentley

High School graduates registered last week in the public junior college at Salinas, which is being made by adding two years of study to the four years of the high school. Less than twenty years ago Fresno pioneered in this inevitable movement, with 15 students, 4 teachers, a few hundred dollars added to the budget, very little added equipment, but clear insight on the part of city superintendent C. L. McLean, now emeritus president of the state college he afterward organized at Fresno, and president of the recently re-organized State Board of Election. He then called attention to the fact that places in California were as distant from Berkeley and Stanford as is Chicago from New York. Fresno, 200 miles from Berkeley, and a few other places: Santa Barbara, Long Beach, more recently Sacramento and San Mateo, have built up populous colleges. Modesto as well as these latter has a separate college, with an ambitious building scheme now carried to the extent of two large buildings, a large faculty and more than 500 students.

Salinas is not so large as Fresno was then, by many thousands. Distances have dwindled, but school populations have increased inordinately. And action of the large universities since that time, in Sept. 1910, when Fresno undertook to serve her Joaquin Empire with a college, has settled the question of what California local communities must do. Berkeley and Stanford refuse to carry lower division longer than they have to, while Salinas, Hollister, and other county or large and prosperous centers are habilitating their Junior Colleges. Now with funds sufficient, more than 30 students before the college is fairly started, a faculty of fourteen, a prospect of several times 30 students for the beginning of this year, an attractive new building ready to be the college's own center on the campus, Salinas brings an adequate junior college within daily commuting distance of Carmel.

Do the universities approve, sanction, and accredit? There need be no misunderstanding, and no pretense that they advise students to try to enter for their freshman or sophomore years. They emphatically advise high school graduates to use the junior college advantages of their local communities. They enforce this advice by securing perfect affiliation, and fully accredit the work of the junior colleges. The universities assert their own intention to reserve their own best teaching and resources for upper division and graduate work. In engineering, for example, Stanford announces her definite intention to relegate the required mathematics and the preparatory stages to other colleges. Salinas has one of their most highly approved men giving now the courses in mathematics which Stanford is ceasing to offer.

Similarly in other departments just a little study of their registers shows in each department only two or three courses of the department actually open at all, not to say advised, for lower division students. Those courses and others are in the Salinas junior college. The university fully accredits and accepts them for advanced standing. The university admits to junior standing, only students who have the junior certificate, and they advise students to earn that certificate near home. They are accepting students from Salinas junior college fully accredited with this junior certificate and to full junior standing.

Carmel News

THE CIRCUS

Well, it was a gr-rand circus which came to Monterey last week! Three rings and something doing in every one until the audience was kept busier than a bird dog trying to keep tabs on 'em all. There were lions, and tigers, and camels an' elephants 'n everything.

The elephants were particularly superb, doing their cunning little tricks with the utmost aplomb and savior faire. They won several deserved hands of applause. The clowns were swell, particularly the one which had a dog kennel in the region of his solar plexus, an idea which we present gratis to the owners of all those dogs which clutter up the post-office.

There were many beautiful damsels, riding horses, doing dizzy things on trapezes, particularly one who proceeded to turn one hundred (we counted 'em!) somersaults in mid-air, while suspended from a rope hung from the roof. There was an (alleged) fox hunt, which must have opened the eyes of the large contingent from the "Durban." Ladies clad in eccentric pink coats and cunning little velvet jockey caps, accompanied by gentlemen in sack suits tore down the arena, with shrill whoops more suggestive of the open range than the staid hunting field.

From Carmel came Stanley Wood (to paint) Mr. Flavin and Martin and Flavia, (to tell the Highlands,) Kissam Johnson (to report,) and others to get covered in dust and enjoy themselves.

All in all, what with side shows, animals, clowns, and whatnot, it was a simply swell circus. Now let's hold on for the Carmel Circus, coming this month, and show these professionals what WE can do!

A ROYAL LUNCH

On Sunday at 11:30 by special invitation the three mayors lunched with the Youngest Son of the British Royal House on board his own ship. There was no one else there. Oh yes—the Captain of the ship. And he said it was the best and finest reception he'd ever had in any port, this reception at Monterey, and the British Ambassador at Washington would hear of it. It was the finest time in the last two years. Well, Prince George didn't say this. The Captain said it. What did Prince George say? Well, he didn't say anything very much, really. Of course the British are a silent people. But he was liking it all very much. He was the Officer of the Day on the ship. No, it wasn't exactly a lunch. It was a buffet affair. And there was only the Prince there and the Captain. Oh, and a few Presidio officers. He's a very fine chap, that Prince. Really.

A BOOTLEGGER IN CARMEL

On Monday last Ruperto Corral, born in Mexico but naturalized in the United States, was accused of having in his possession intoxicating liquor. He was not accused of selling.

The case was heard before Judge A. P. Fraser and a jury of twelve (accused had plead not guilty). Argyll Campbell was prosecuting attorney. Defendant had no attorney. Depositions were taken from several citizens who were excused from service on the jury. Mr. Miller said he saw no reason why the man should not have a bootlegging joint, and was excused; Mr. Herbert Heron was strongly against the Volstead Act and opined that the person who bought the liquor was as guilty as the seller: he was excused from service.

August Englund was sworn in and testified that a person had one and a half dollars from him and had bought some liquor at accused's house. Police Chief Englund's one and a half dollars has not yet been returned to him. Policeman Nixon was sent to find this witness but he could not be found.

Tom Bickle was sworn in and testified that he had analyzed the liquor and found it contained 75 percent alcohol.

After a trial lasting one and a half hours, Mr. W. T. Kibbler, foreman of the jury, brought in a verdict of "Guilty"; but strong requests were made to give the prisoner minimum sentence, as his wife is paralyzed from the hips downwards and he was otherwise, in the opinion of some of those present, deserving of leniency and sympathy.

Sentence was postponed.

THE NEW CLINIC

The plans for the Grace Deere Velie Metabolic Clinic which is to be built near Hatton Fields are rounding into shape. The architect was in Carmel over the week-end conferring with Mrs. Harris over details of the plans which it is expected will be completed in about four weeks.

Visiting Firemen

ENSIGN WINSLOW

"Ensign Winslow" otherwise Prince George of England, fourth son of their Britannic Majesties, was in Monterey last week with other Jack Tars while their man-o'-war lay bravely in the harbor. The Prince caused as much havoc in the diners and lunchers who did not see him as in those who did. An abortive attempt was made, we understand, by the three Mayors and their wives and dependents, to view the Body at the official reception on the ship. But when the Bodyguard saw the mob approaching he sent his Prince downstairs and nothing but disappointment and a somewhat irascible reprimand met the representatives of our Three Towns.

Later other attempts were made to protect the Royal Son from mere Commoners' eyes, some with less success than others. For we noted his photograph in our contemporary's pages, and also a complete account of His Highness' movements. We hope, at least, for His Highness' sake they were complete. They would have taken anyone else several months to encompass. America earns her British reputation for hospitality.

We understand from a reliable source that the Sailor went riding with Col. J .A. Baer of the Presidio and that he mopped his face with a silk handkerchief. This proved him to be a sailor. Ordinary riders do it with their sleeve.

PORTRAITS, PINES AND OLD JEWELS

The Stewart house on the Point is occupied this week by four artists who are all working all day on the overworked cypresses of Point Lobos. They are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Daniel Ward of London, Mr. C. F. Ingerson and Mr. G. A. Dennison of Los Gatos. The Wards live in the famous old Hal's Cottage in Glebe Place, Chelsea; Mrs. Ward has recently painted portraits of Col. Charles Erskine Scott Wood, Sara Bard Field and her daughter Kay, and is now at work on a portrait of Robinson Jeffers. She had visited America before but not California, and she and her husband are charmed with the State.

Mr. Dennison makes enamel jewels, copies of old carved gems such as chalcedony. He revived a process used in ancient Greece and Rome; and it was a long and arduous job. First he went to the British Museum and had translations made of old Greek books explaining the process; then he found that many of the materials named were no longer available, and so he had to make substitutes. He did succeed in finding them and now for some years has been at work on carved gems that are indistinguishable from the old Greek and Roman specimens.

When one sees some of these—Mr. Dennison wears a magnificent one on his finger—one realises the truth of the time-worn definition: Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.

TWO GIRL HIKERS

Madam Ann Dare had as her house guests during the week two girls who had hiked across the Continent and whom Miss Dare had met at Laguna Beach. They were Miss Lilian Shapiro and Miss Celia Antopolsky. Having just finished at N. Y. University, they were to have tramped around the world, but got no farther than California, for here Miss Antopolsky's voice was heard at the Pacific South West Exposition in Los Angeles, by a Professor of singing, and pronounced so rare a find that the girls changed their plans and are returning East for study. Originally both wished to become journalists, and their three months' tramp across the Continent has given them plenty of material. They met every kind of man from Arizona cowboys to wealthy mine-owners, worked at every kind of job, and slept in every kind of bed. They also carried Walt Whitman and the Rubaiyat in their knapsacks.

* * * *

Mr. Henry Purmort Eames, friend of Martin Flavin's, is Professor of Musical Art and Aesthetics at Scripps College near Pomona and Los Angeles. This College was started last September and about two hundred selected students work there at the arts and the humanities. Only instructors in favor of the idea behind the college are taken on the staff. Mr. Eames spent his holidays on the Peninsula.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Theron C. Cooper left Carmel Sunday after a week's stay. They renewed old friendships with Mr. Henry Dickinson and Mr. Martin Flavin as well as seeing the beauties of this part of California. They make a specialty of rare and beautiful books in their Walden Bookshop in Chicago and have placed orders for the works of several Carmel authors as well as for Hagemeyer's photographs.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams left Carmel last Friday after three years in the village. They had round trip tickets and they left two sons and a number of warm friends behind. Mr. Williams took with him the manuscript of a finished novel which he had been working on for over a year. It is a story of the youth of today.

* * * *

THE JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS' DEPART

Personal Bits . .

Many parties went on out of door trips with the departure of the fog. Dr. and Mrs. MacDougal drove down the coast with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dougherty. The Steffens' took Mr. and Mrs. Cooper and Senator and Mrs. J. J. Hollister, who were passing through Carmel from Sacramento to their ranch at Gaviota, to the Big Sur.

* * * *

Miss Caroline Kimball and Miss Wasson, Assistant Librarian, are at Hoffman's Camp for a few days.

* * * *

Mr. Horace Swope, art connoisseur, left Carmel for his St. Louis home and took a Stanley Wood with him. Mr. Swope is an old friend of Miss Mary Bulkley.

* * * *

On Sunday the Martin Flavins entertained at tea Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Eames, Mr. and Mrs. Latham, Mr. and Mrs. Marble of Carmel Valley, the Misses Eames, Mr. and Mrs. Steffens and their house guests, and other friends. Afterwards some of the party went over to the D. L. James' where Mrs. James was honoring Dr. and Mrs. Logan Clendenning at tea prior to their return to Kansas City. Dr. Clendenning is author of "The Human Body," an almost best-selling book on physiology. The James' and the Clendennings are near neighbors in Kansas.

* * * *

Mr. Daniel James is leaving shortly to start work at Yale Uuiversity.

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On Saturday the Rhys Williams' had a Russian costume party at which were present Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Russell and their daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Theron Cooper, Mr. Daniel James, Mrs. Lincoln Steffens, Mr. Karl V. Saltzer, Miss Kissam Johnson. A group staged a Commedia dell' arte, but soon relinquished the ardors of dramatic entertainment for the equally arduous but less exacting game of "Up Jenkins!"

* * * *

Mayor Ross Bonham dined with Prince George of England at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. Others were present.

Consuelo Cloos and her husband Max Panteleieff are leaving Carmel shortly for San Francisco, where Miss Cloos has part in most of the operas of the coming Grand Opera season. Miss Cloos is going to sing at a party at Sara Bard Field's, on the 15th, poems from the "Pale Woman" which have been set to music by a young Icelandic composer Magnus Arnason. Mrs. Panteleieff says these songs are quite charming.

The Movies

THE COSSACKS

This was a very good movie, one of the best done in the United States about Russia. The local color, the atmosphere, were true; the sets, characterizations, costumes were authentic. The village was not camouflaged. It was a typical village of that period. In fact the types were taken from a famous old Russian picture (I am sorry to have forgotten its name) and one scene is an exact copy of the painting.

One compares it involuntarily with the "Last Command," which picture, however, had more breaks and mistakes and much less convincing Russian atmosphere; the Revolutionary psychology in it struck a person fresh from Revolutionary Russia as all wrong, while in "The Cossacks" the psychology of the pre-revolutionary Russian struck one as true. Of course the "Last Command" was heavy drama where the "Cossacks" is only a light romantic story, more like a comic opera. . .

But its tempo and whole spirit were very well sustained, the titles and some of the acting, notably that of the old Cossack father, excellent. John Gilbert was a little too weak for a Cossack, of that time, a little too gentlemanly; Renee Adoree was very good.

Altogether a picture to have seen and to see, a picture which gives one true insight into Russia. The Manzanita Theatre brought it to Carmel.

—Lucita Squier.

MANZANITA MOVIES

The Manzanita has a good programme this week.

Today and tomorrow the picture "West Point" is showing. This was written by Douglas Z. Doty, scenarist at De Mille's and one-time Editor of the Century magazine. Mr. Doty spent some time at West Point getting local color.

"The Raider Emden" is Germany's own official record of the exploits of one of her most damage-dealing ships and bravest sea captains. It is excellent, and should not be missed.

Then comes Tom Mix who, while he owns a Medici palace in Hollywood and entertains like Lorenzo the Magnificent, still has not forgotten his cowboy days. He always seems happiest in his cowboy kit, too.

In "The Mating Call" are Evelyn Brent and Renee Adoree, and we have learned to expect excellent work from both these beautiful actresses.

The Theatre . . .

"THE BARKER" (Repeat Performance)

Score again for the Abalones! Kenyon Nicholson's epic of the show people packs a dramatic punch, a punch well delivered by a practically perfect cast, all of whom were so well suited to their parts.

A unity of feeling prevailed throughout the play, a bond of genuine sentiment that withstood the ordeal of everyday routine, the brutality of speech, and the tragedies so frequent in the lives of the show people.

The play was so smoothly carried off that it would be some sort of an injustice to single out any member of the cast, but two performances in particular deserve praise. "Nifty" Miller, the Barker was played with all the professional touches of a showman by George Schmitz. The Barker's heart and soul were dramatically revealed to the audience; his acting was entirely free from any suggestion of over-acting, a fault which so easily might have spoiled the character.

Sally Maxwell's portrayal of the show-girl, was a distinct credit to her versatility, and presented a brilliant contrast to "Nifty's" slant on life.

The show ran off without a hitch, for the League has real troupers, as well as actors.

—H. L.

THE ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS MAKE MERRY
(THIS IS A RUSSIAN PARTY)

MANZANITA THEATER

Wed., Thurs. Sept. 12th, 13th
"WEST POINT"
with WILLIAM HAINES and JOAN CRAWFORD

Friday, Sept. 14th
"THE RAIDER EMDEN"
An authentic film of the exploit of the terror of the seas.

Saturday, Sept. 15th
TOM MIX in
"THE ARIZONA WILDCAT"

Sun., Mon., Sept. 16th, 17th
REX BEACH'S
"THE MATING CALL"
starring Thomas Meighan, Renee Adoree and Evelyn Brent

Tuesday, September 18th
"THAT CERTAIN THING"
with VIOLA DANA and RALPH GRAVES

GOLDEN STATE

Telephone: MONTEREY 1500

Wednesday, Sept. 12th
DOLORES DEL RIO in
"NO OTHER WOMAN"

Thurs. and Fri. Sept 13th and 14th
MILTON SILLS in
"THE HAWK'S NEST"

Saturday, Sept. 15th
LILLIAN GISH in
"ANNIE LAURIE"

Sunday, Sept. 16th
"A THIEF IN THE DARK"
ROMIG AND DAVIS MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY

Mon. and Tues., Setpt. 17th and 18th
CLARA BOW in
"MY LADY OF WHIMS"

E. C. HOPKINS AT THE ORGAN

A Statement to the Communities of the Monterey Peninsula

THE THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH was closed on September first.

Its owner is leaving Carmel shortly for two years.

The Theatre is closed because no practicable means of operating it during the owner's absence has presented itself.

In its fifty-three months of existence it has presented fifty-two plays. Nineteen directors and fifteen distinct groups of players, professional and amateur, have had the opportunity of production in the Theatre. Some of the most eminent of the world's artists have given recitals upon its forestage.

The Theatre of the Golden Bough has acquired wide fame for its beauty and the perfection of its equipment, reflecting great credit upon the community to which it has until lately been open.

The Theatre is regarded as the most outstanding example of a non-commercial Theatre in Western America. Though privately owned, it has been consistently operated as a community asset.

I have been asked by civic organizations and business people of the Peninsula to make the Theatre available during my absence for concerts, motion pictures, and plays.

I have agreed that if five hundred persons are sufficiently interested to subscribe $6.00 each toward a season of seven plays, covering the ensuing year, I will re-open the Theatre before my departure, place a staff in charge, and issue to each subscriber a coupon book covering four admissions to the plays. Thereupon the Theatre will again be available for general community purposes.

The selection of the plays and of the producing companies, as well as the dates of production, will be determined with all possible consideration for the convenience of other community groups.

I am undertaking this subscription enterprise wholly at the request of disinterested community leaders.

If you want the Golden Bough re-opened, tear out this form and mail with your check immediately.

Theatre of the Golden Bough,
Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

I enclose check for $_____, in payment of _____ subscription_, for which enter my name as season subscriber for the year beginning September 1, 1928, covering a season of not less than seven subscription plays. It is understood that I am entitled under this subscription to admission to any four of the plays, at my selection; that I may cumulate my tickets, using all or any for one or more of the plays; also that my tickets are transferable and that the transferees shall have the privileges of an original subscriber. Money to be refunded if subscription limit is not reached and Theatre is not re-opened.

Phone No. _____

Name _____

Address _____

Dated _____, 1928.

EDWARD KUSTER, *Owner and General Director*

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA
CALIFORNIA

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Editorials . . .

NO THANKS—

Mr. Edward Gerhard Kuster was sitting in an audience at the Theatre of the Golden Bough watching a jolly show and he looked not proud; he looked not at all as we would look if we had made the most perfect little theatre of our day. The countenance of Mr. Kuster was sad. The audience laughed heartlessly, thoughtlessly, with the gay local players on the stage; it was a gala night of abandoned pretenses for high-brow and rough-neck, proud Carmel, proud of its theatre. Only the man that gave the evening its setting was getting no pleasure out of it, and no one seemed to care or to notice that their benefactor was in melancholy mood—no one but the ever-sympathetic editor of this sad little laughing paper. We understood. We too in our day have served our day and generation.

We snuggled up kindly to the lonely patron of the drama and asked him why he of all the benefactors of the human race—why should he, alone, expect gratitude or appreciation from his fellowmen. He was touched; he could not answer; he could hardly smile. He seemed to be unable to appreciate our sympathy. He said he didn't want either gratitude or appreciation but that even on that point he was misunderstood. We consoled him, saying that he was lucky; we had known men who were understood and we averred that they were the men that really suffered. Mr. Kuster did not debate that subject; he repeated that he would like to be understood, so we proposed that he take pen in hand and write down a statement which we promised to print for him at the regular advertising rates. He gave us a queer, illegible glance but he answered, after he had caught his breath, that he might act upon our suggestion. And he has done so, and we have kept our promise.

We print Mr. Kuster's statement in this issue and we know that our readers, who read our advertisements, will read every word of what he says and they may even be influenced by his words. Which is all right. But we do beseech our neighbors and his, we ask all the admirers of the creator of the beautiful Golden Bough to be careful lest, in a moment of emotion, we here in Carmel bring about an exception to the good old rule of human conduct, the rule against the appreciation of the deeds of a benefactor. We are a leading community; we set the pace for other herds; we know, as others do not, that art is for art's sake, a theatre is for the drama, a gift, however lovely, is for the gift's sake. The man who built the Golden Bough gets all he deserves out of the fame and the beauty of his theatre. Any thanks, any love from his neighbors, anything but what he is getting from us would be superfluous, inhuman, most unarty.

* * * *

Our advice to Mr. Kuster is that he go abroad, make for us at his expense a thorough study of the theatres, especially the little theatres, of Europe and Asia (including Russia), pick up ideas and select (at his peril) plays, which he bring back and show us on the stage of the Golden Bough. If we have no other engagements we will go to his shows and we promise faithfully to be natural and hard-boiled, we will judge them and him justly on their merits, boosting or knocking them and him, utterly uninfluenced by any thought of his labor and sacrifices. We expect him to find his gratification in his travels, his labors, his sacrifices and his glorious little playhouse, the golden Golden Bough.

—L. S.

A GOING CONCERN

On another page we print another contribution to the controversy on Christian Science. It may look long, but it won't seem so if our readers will see it as we do: as a discussion of the general question whether and how a religion can be kept alive after its prophet is gone and his teachings have been organized into a church. This particular dispute arose over a statement of fact with regret that some Christian Scientists were losing their healing powers and our assisted interpretation that the trouble was that they were getting over their enthusiasm, they and some of their patients. We propose to let the Christian Scientists discuss their differences for awhile before we enter the lists. Then we shall point out, among other things, that the Christian Science Church can keep alive if it will learn in time that the Truth is a going concern and the followers of Mrs. Eddy must do what she did and not merely what she said; as she said; else they will go the way of all the other churches.

Correspondence

Editor, The Carmelite:

In commenting on my letter, which you so courteously printed in your issue of August 29, you state that "doctors have experience of Christian Scientists who come to them in secret and beg them to cure them, on the plea that they have lost the power themselves." I have never known a member of the Christian Science Church who substituted medicine for spiritual means. Nevertheless, it is conceivable that there have been persons who had been helped in Christian Science, but who understood little about it, who afterwards resorted to medicine. Such cases certainly are rare and are exceptions to the general rule. In fairness, then, these cases could not be cited for the purpose of reflecting adversely on the practice of Christian Science.

A large percentage of the followers of Christian Science have turned to this religion only after they had exhausted material remedies, or had been informed by their doctors that their maladies were incurable. Therefore, while I have nothing but respect and goodwill for medical practice, I must submit that it is not entirely clear why persons who had found medicine ineffectual before coming into Christian Science, even though later they had lost faith in prayer, should have turned back to medicine with the confident expectation of being cured, which is implied in the charge that they begged a doctor to cure them.

Edgar McLeod,
Christian Science Committee on Publication for Northern California.
166 Geary St., San Francisco.
Dated: September 8, 1828.

MRS. EDDY, ENTHUSIAST

By A Christian Scientist

Thank you for the sample copy of the Carmelite from sunny California. I note with interest an article in it by Edgar McLeod, Committee on Publication for Northern California and your footnote; you will certainly hear from Mr. McLeod on some of your statements. Not having seen the article in question I can judge of its contents only from his meagre quotations. Most people come into Christian Science because of a need, or because they have known of people who have been healed in Science after the best doctors have failed to help them,—people who have been lifted out of the depths of disease, poverty, or sin. One with a slight understanding of Christian Science reading Mr. McLeod's article would be left with an impression that enthusiasm is taboo in Christian Science. Blind enthusiasm, like blind faith and untempered zeal is to be deprecated, but enthusiasm based on intelligence, zeal tempered with wisdom and faith of an

enlightened sort are essential. Although the word enthusiasm itself seldom appears in Mrs. Eddy's books, its synonyms are used by her repeatedly with glowing approval.

The Standard dictionary lists the following words among the synonyms for enthusiasm, every one of which Mrs. Eddy has employed; ardor, devotion, eagerness, courage, earnestness, fervor, hopefullness, inspiration, rapture, warmth, zeal, vehemence, faith, interest. It also says: "Enthusiasm has now chiefly the meaning of an earnest and commendable devotion, an intense and earnest interest." Surely Mr. McLeod does not ask us to condemn the states of mind for which these synonyms stand, nor would he have it appear that these have no proper place in one's advancement in Science—and yet he seems to denounce your friend on this very score.

Christian Science is the religion of thinkers, workers, artists; it reveals a lawful intelligent and good God, ever friendly and available in spite of our errors;—a God that needs no apology. Its practice is art of the highest order wherewith the true artist can directly beautify and harmonize the human mind itself without the interposition of material canvass or brush, instrument, pen or ink. At the time of the dedication of The Mother Church in Boston in 1894, and later at the dedication of its extension, it was the **enthusiasm** of the Christian Scientists which impressed the reporters to such an extent that ten different ones used that word in describing them. They felt life—

The Standard Dictionary gives the following **antonyms** for enthusiasm: caution, dullness, lukewarmness, timidity, coldness, indifference, policy, wariness, deadness, prudence. It seems logical to me that the dying down of the "warm enthusiasm" which your friend spoke of—using the word in its modern sense as he undoubtedly did—together with the creeping paralysis of thought bound to follow without such true enthusiasm,—might well account for the lack of progress of some Christian Scientists, a lack that should rouse us out of any sense of smug complacency. Your informant is quoted as saying "when they have been in longer, the warm enthusiasm turns to cold dogma." This does not apply to the thousands who come into Christian Science and find it a never ending stimulus to higher, clearer, purer, more practical and logical thinking, as the result of which they live finer and more useful lives. But, unfortunately, it must be admitted that the sentence does aptly describe those who cease to think for themselves and become an echo of ecclesiastical opinions and authority.

Mr. McLeod seems to have lost sight of the true meaning of the modern word **enthusiasm**: he has shifted the issue to **emotionalism** (which nobody was defending) belayed this man-of-straw as if it were the exact and proper synonym for enthusiasm, imputed hostility to your Christian Science friend, and then "read him out of the party."

Christian Science is so practical and logical when understood; so fine and beautiful; so available in time of human need, that it seems regrettable that it should be interpreted in a merely technical manner, when the space allotted might be used to give the reader a glimpse of the warmth, intelligence and beauty it reveals. The demonstration of Christian Science is as much an art as is the demonstration of music; to be a progressively successful practitioner demands an artistic spirit of the highest order. Enthusiasm, as defined above, is the very heart of Christian Science demonstration, as it is of all artistry. Without it one cannot be "Continualy increasing his understanding of God and adding to his spiritual equipment," nor can he long continue to heal scientifically. With it even a limited understanding works marvelous transformations both in human character and body. Such understanding of God and His manifestations, i. e. of reality or nature, engenders spontaneous enthusiasm which expands into expressions of beauty and harmony, thus proving its divine nature. "The letter killeth, it is the spirit that giveth life," the spirit of love and joy, of beauty and kindness which has aptly been called "the kingdom of heaven." There is no conflict.

ian Science cleanses and clarifies the human mind and frees it from fear, superstition and sin. It ennobles the human mind, revealing to it the divinity of all true thought, the divinity of intelligence and love. It reveals the kingdom of God within us, within our own real human consciousness right here and now. It recognizes loving intelligence as the Saviour of mankind.

Mrs. Eddy was a thinker. Christian Science was a revelation, the result of intense mental activity and consecration of thought. Throughout our text book, Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures, the reader is urged to think for himself and admonished not to allow others to think for him. Not only was Mrs. Eddy one of the world's greatest religious leaders, she was a great philosopher, a great psychologist and a statesman of a high and practical order as well. Only by following her example can we do her honor, and she said, "The time for thinkers has come. Truth, independent of doctrines and time honored systems, knocks at the portals of humanity. Contentment with the past and the cold conventionality of materialism are crumbling away. Ignorance of God is no longer the stepping stone to faith. The only guarantee of obedience is a right apprehension of Him, whom to know aright is Life eternal." (S. & H. Pref. VII).

NOTICE!

The Editors will be very grateful if they can buy back some copies of the issues of June 27 and July 27 as these issues are practically used up. Anyone owning them kindly communicate with the Carmelite office, Seven Arts Press.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE CARMELITE

I have been reading your Carmelite most faithfully and I am prompted to say it is improving with every number. I do not think there was at any time a complication (sic) in Carmel that so definitely gave the spirit of the place as does your Carmelite.

* * * *

From Los Angeles reader,
(letter dated Aug. 22):
I note that the Carmelite might well be called this week an Orage Number. I never heard of Orage before, but the various reactions to him in your weekly give me a picture something like John Dewey and Yogi doing a patter act "in one." And I don't mean that disrespectfully.

* * * *

I never miss an advertisement. They look so much better than in most local papers.

ERRATUM

We wish to correct an error in an advertisement which has been running for some weeks. The Douglas School is for girls AND boys. We hope now no boys will be humiliated.

Those who appreciate unique environment, fine food and service will find them all here. Luncheon, tea and dinner served daily.
MISSION TEA HOUSE
NEAR MISSION

Peter's Paragraphs

Lindbergh was in Santa Barbara again, the news despatches say, as a guest of Commodore Ludington this time. A private letter thence,—inspired perhaps by hope, perhaps by mere suspicion—says there is a pretty girl in that town whose mind can follow a flyer's, whose heart can follow a girl's.

* * * *

One reason why history is, not only dull, but false is that it is superior to gossip, won't record what the historian can't prove. He wants so much to make his history correct that he makes it all wrong.

* * * *

In the centre of a feast table at Los Gatos was a great cheese, the size and shape of a pillow cushion. It recalled Italy and Italian cheeses, and, sure enough, when we tasted our hunk it formed words in our mouth: Bel Paese. When we pronounced thus the name of Italy's most famous cheese, our host nodded, smiled and said: "Yes, Bel Paese—from Monterey; that is where we get it, right out from under your nose."

How many more secrets are the Peninsula businessmen keeping dark? The Chamber of Commerce should detect and list and then advertise them, beginning with Bel Paese.

* * * *

Speaking of two or three theatres: The other day we were speaking of the art exhibition at the Carmel Art Gallery and the artist addressed said: No, he had nothing there; he didn't run with that gang. So it isn't only the drama and the church and the children that won't play together, the art of painting splits also. No wonder we can't stop war; we would split and fight over the method of doing it.

* * * *

It follows then that the Carmelite is probably saving the Pine Cone from a split by providing a second paper. But it follows also that the editors of these two papers should hate each other, that our respect for Perry Newberry is a menace to him and that he would better show cause for a change of policy if not of disposition.

* * * *

The trouble is that we can't hate any more. Exhausted. And all things and all persons, parties and opinion look alike to us. Never could see any difference between the two political parties, can't see now any essential difference between behaviorism and Christian Science, matter and spirit, body and soul, art and science, black and white, good and evil, men and women, newspapers and literature, news and history, a superiority complex and an inferiority sense.

* * * *

Looking in upon the Town Council one evening lately we saw an old familiar scene. Except for its size, the village aldermen looked like and talked like and behaved like boards of aldermen in New York, London, Liverpool, Minneapolis and—a dozen other places. And this is said without disrespect and without respect. What struck us there was what strikes us wherever we see a group of governors sitting in power, the thought that, if only they would realize that they are so like all the others and awake to the idea that they do not have to be so monotonously alike, some board of aldermen might break loose and do something different; something that no aldermen have ever done. That would send those different aldermen up out into greater power and change the demeanor of boards of aldermen all over the world.

* * * *

The Town Council of Carmel has the opportunity every such governing council has to make a community unlike any community in the world: a town run for the men, women and children of the present and the future, the City of a Hill. That would be success. That would be, first a triumph for Carmel, and second a personal success for the councilmen. And why don't they do it? The chief reason is that they want to succeed, they, not the town. Success is standardized in the U. S. A.—and nothing fails like it, nothing

The Youngest Set

Teddy Marble (8) who lives eight miles up the Carmel Valley has to fill in the tedium of living so far from the centre of the world (Carmel) by doing cross-word puzzles. He was doing one with his mother, and "What is a heavenly body, in four letters?" asked the puzzler.

"Now I should say that's a star" suggested Mrs. Marble.

"Oh no" thought Teddy, "That must be a baby."

* * * *

Small boy (too early in the morning): "Papa, can I get in your bed?"

Father (still sleepy): "No, of course not; it's my bed. Can't you see that?"

Small boy: "Papa, if you let me get in your bed I promise not to see it."

* * * *

Pete Steffens (3 going on 4) fractured his left leg last Monday afternoon and has to lie still for two weeks in a plaster cast. He admits that he cannot complain of injustice. He was climbing up the mudguard of his own mother's car to get onto the roof. He is allowed to do this only to other people's cars, as he knows well, so when he fell and wrenched one leg in the spokes of the wheel he suffered in two places and his parents hope he will reflect in his bed upon the truth that wrong-doers are invariably punished and resolve hereafter not to climb on and scratch the varnish of the family car. There are plenty of other cars around for a good little boy to practice on.

* * * *

Katherine Carr returned to her aunt's in San Francisco last Thursday, accompanied by Mrs. Ethel Stevens, whose guest she has been in Carmel for a week. Mrs. Stevens has been associated with Mrs. Carr at the Portland Heights Conservatory for the past year, and Katherine and her sister and brother have inspired many of Mrs. Stevens' stories.

* * * *

Jean Griffin (5) is interested in her father's gardening activities. She follows the Editor of the Peninsula Herald around everywhere. Finally papa feels he would like for a little not to be shadowed, and suggests same to daughter.

"But, daddy" remonstrated Jean "I'm your friend."

* * * *

Garth Jeffers is growing in pots some specimens of that plant that sends out suckers and grows the fresh plant from the old sucker. He had three generations thus growing in three pots. Then the first plant grew sickly, so Garth pulled it out of the tin. His father asked him why.

"The grandmother was sick," answered Garth, "so I threw her out."

"DRESSES—
so irresistible people steal them."

Miss Janet Prentiss has been in New York buying new *and* unusual models including Russian dresses of original design in appliqué *by* Mariska Karasz

The Cinderella Shop
Ocean Avenue, Carmel

STANIFORD'S DRUG STORE
PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS
Kodak Supplies
Stationery
Candies
Cigars
TELEPHONE: 150 CARMEL

VARIETY SHOW IN MONTEREY

Opening in Monterey tonight will be Nat Holt's Comedians offering a Musical Comedy Production entitled, "Hello Everybody." The cast has enjoyed a three year engagement in San Francisco and Oakland, and among its featured players are Clarence Wurdig, Bobby Fitzsimmons, Valerie Noyes, Jimmy Edwards, the Knight Sisters and other musical comedy favorites of the Pacific Coast.

The production will be given in addition to the feature motion picture, "No Other Woman" in which Dolores Del Rio is starred.

The Comedians will show every Wednesday, afternoon and evening, for an indefinite period. Each week a new production will be offered, new scenery, new wardrobe and new musical settings. Nat Holt, a widely known and successful theatrical manager and producer in the west, is taking personal charge of the productions.

Doors open promptly at 1:30 p.m. with a continuous performance 'till 11:30. Nat Holt's Comedians will be on the stage at 4, 7, and 9:30. No seat reservations will be made, and it is suggested that as many as possible should attend the matinee performances and thereby avoid the night crowds. Admission: adults fifty cents, children 25c (matinees 15c.)

CHILDREN AS SCIENTISTS

Under the direction of Dr. A. H. McKay, of Halifax, a comprehensive record of phenological events has been maintained for some years in the Province of Nova Scotia. As the events in question are mainly or entirely dependent upon atmospheric conditions, these records throw much light upon the weather and climate of the region.

The observers are school children, who make their reports to their teachers. For example, the children bring to school the first flowering specimen of a plant they discover and the teacher makes an authoritative determination of the species. Generally the name of the pupil bringing the earliest specimen is placed on the honor roll section of the blackboard for the day. The records for the different schools are assembled twice a year, and an abstract of the results is published.

One hundred periodical events of the year are recorded under two headings; viz, "When first seen" and "When becoming common." They include the flowering, fruiting, etc., of various plants, the arrival and departure of migrating birds, agricultural operations, opening and closing of lakes and rivers, latest frosts in spring, earliest frosts in autumn, and several other things that mark the progress of the seasons.

—Science Service.

Visitor to Carmel:

"O, this is one o' them high-brow shops, ain't it? The kind you have to be educated or arty or something, to appreciate?"

"As soon as I knew I was actually to visit Carmel I slighted the Carmelite articles and concentrated on the ads" said a recent Chicago visitor. "The ads more than the Editorials explain what a town is."

Advertise in THE CARMELITE and let people know what they may find here—and where.

We have a twenty per cent out-of-town circulation.

THE CARMELITE
A Weekly News Periodical

Phone 717

Pine Inn

Hotel and Cottages

Winter Rates to permanent guests. Effective Sept. 10th

JOHN B. JORDAN

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Winefred Green *Kennedy Owen*

The Casa Blanca
Robert Louis Stevenson House
Houston Street *Monterey*

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INTERIOR DECORATION

DR. CARL L. FAGAN
Osteopathic Physician

First Door South of Telephone Office
Telephone: Carmel 440

Carmel Cleaning Works

PHONE: 242

Dolores near Ocean Carmel

BANK OF CARMEL

OFFERS A COMPLETE BANKING SERVICE

Four Per Cent Interest Paid on Savings

CULTURE VERSUS CULTISTS

At Last Carmel has been discovered by the Cultists as a field ripe for the plucking. First by one Dane Rudhyar, a Theosophical exponent of ultra modern music, and next by one A. R. Orage, an ex-psycho-analyst, and converted Behaviorist.

Both revered the traditional Pythagoras, and used the analogy of the octave, and stressed the significance of its intervals, do, re, mi, fa, so, la as bases for their unrelated theses. The one as his authority for dissonance, and the other as his authority for awareness of our outward betrayals of our inner selves.

Each stressed his as "The Only Way" a la Buddha and the Chicago and Alton Railway. Both utilized a paradoxical dialectic; were equally hypnotic personalities, and equally dogmatic, with an awe-inspiring store of pseudo-science, and both appealed to our innate curiosity, and differing degrees of acceptance of the newest variety of lop-sided intellectual vagaries.

They were about equally undeveloped in their motor-sensory centers, to quote our latest Master; but the one claimed a visceral response to sensation, although his exposition of it was quite painful to one with a predilection for rhythm and harmony; while the other disowned, and demonstrated his lack of, any response to the arts.

The one acclaimed dissonance as centrifugal, aspiring, a la China, and consonance as centripetal, expiring, a la Europe, the other exorcised all psychology preceding behaviorism, with his incantation of "Posture, Gesture, Tones of Voice, Facial Expression and Bodily Movements."

Such brevity has its virtue of simplicity and inherent defect of inadequacy, but fortunately for our entertainment, his lectures were neither brief nor simple.

So far as I can discover, Behaviorism is to psychology about as Pragmatism is to philosophy in that both are utilitarian abstractions from their respective fields, but are stressed by their exponents as sufficient unto the riddle of life, and both were spawned in the United States to meet the demands of a crass materialism.

In the immediate race of dogmatic wisdom, the odds are even as between Orage and Keyserling, and I have not decided just how to lay my bets, but as an antidote to both I can recommend the temper of Haldane's "Possible Worlds" however improbable his conjectures.

—G. B.

NOT TOO LATE TO HEAR HIM

This card has been received from San Francisco:

"Mr. Orage will lecture on 'Beyond Behaviorism' at the Beaux Arts Gallery, San Francisco, on Friday evening next (Sept. 14th) at 8:30. Admission $1.00."

DOG-DAY CICADAS

"Greeeeee-eee-eee-eee!" sings the dog-day cicada in the tall poplar. And "Carreee-eee-eee-eee!" answers another from across the simmering fields.

"Six days till frost," prophesies the weather-wise oldest inhabitant; "The locusts are singing."

It may be six weeks, or more, or less, until frost. But a locust the creature is not. A locust is a kind of grasshopper, and the cicada is a true bug, that is, an insect with a long piercing beak instead of chewing jaws.

The dog-day cicada is a relatively long-lived insect. He exists as a grub or larva in the ground for two or three years, sucking the juices from the roots of plants. When he reaches maturity he tunnels to the surfice of the ground, and some day, when there is no threat of rain in the air, he comes out, crawls up the trunk of a tree, and emerges from his shell as a fully formed winged insect.

GERMAN PROFESSORS

The following has been received in a letter from the American Student whose "First Impressions of Germany" we printed a few weeks ago:

I have just come back from three weeks in the Alps with a Professor of Paleontology. It was beautiful there. The only objection I have to the Professor was that he knew too much. They all seem to be very excited over here about their learning. Of course they probably are ahead of most countries in the world, but being conceited about it is not in their favor or in favor of the future of the science they are studying.

OBSERVATION AND THEORY

WILLIAM HERSCHEL, **On the Construction of the Heavens,** read before the Royal Society February 3, 1785:

If we would hope to make any progress in an investigation. . .we ought to avoid two opposite extremes, of which I can hardly say which is the most dangerous. If we indulge a fanciful imagination and build worlds of our own, we must not wonder at our going wide from the path of truth and nature; but these will vanish like the Cartesian vortices, that soon gave way when better theories were offered. On the other hand, if we add observation to observation, without attempting to draw not only certain conclusions, but also conjectural views from them, we offend against the very end for which only observations ought to be made. I will endeavor to keep a proper medium; but if I should deviate from that, I could wish not to fall into the latter error.

We measure time according to the movement of countless suns; and they measure time by little machines in their little pockets.

Now tell me, how could we ever meet at the same place and the same time?

TOOLED MOORISH LEATHER

cushions, hassocks, purses, portfolios

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LINCOLN INN

We had so many, many guests over the week-end that we were handicapped in giving them "Lincoln Inn service." We wish to assure our friends that we are now able to give them the service that they rightfully expect of us.

Lunch 50c served from 12 to 1:30
Dinner $1 served from 6 to 7:30
Lunches every day except Sunday
Dinners every day

NEW OPEN AIR GRILL
Steaks and Chops

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THE DOUGLAS SCHOOL *for* BOYS & GIRLS
PEBBLE BEACH
Elementary Nonsectarian
Special attention given to sports
Girls taken in residence
Term begins September eighteenth
Send for catalog to Mrs. Grace Parsons Douglas

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Books . . .

JACK KELSO

By Edgar Lee Masters (Appleton $2.50)

This is a long dramatic poem, presenting an epic of American life in the form of fast-moving, epigrammatic dialogues between Jack Kelso, a poet and wanderer, a universal character of the genre of Peer Gynt or Faust, and such historical characters as Lincoln, Kit Carson, Brigham Young and others. Kelso is known to history as the companion of Lincoln during the early New Salem days, as the friend who taught him to enjoy Shakespeare and Robert Burns.

Kelso roams the country and witnesses the scenes of American history from 1831 to the present day. The story includes the Mexican War, the Spanish - American War, the Civil War, and the World War and treats of their effects on liberty and government.

There is humor and satire in this book, and a keen psychological insight into character. As an analyst of human beings Masters is excellent. We do not like the poem as well as the Spoon River Anthology but perhaps a work like that can only be written once. Perhaps the task of painting an epic of such a huge and unformed and bewildering country as America is, was too colossal. American life is too diverse, too chaotic, perhaps, to be drawn into the compass of one person's power of analysis.

But for us, in Carmel it has a quite especial interest. There is one character called McIntyre, a scientist, and from "internal evidence" we are convinced he is someone who parks outside our Post Office daily, and then goes about his work somewhere East of Dolores Street. Kelso comes upon his house in New Mexico, and asks an Indian whose it is. The Indian answers.

". . this is where a man who taught
Science has come to live with us.
This is his laboratory."

They come upon McIntyre and an assistant talking.

McIntyre:

"These cells no longer seem alive,
Empty the jars. We'll make some more.
Some twenty hours they seem to thrive,
Then die. Who is that at the door?"

The assistant tells him. Answers McIntyre:

"Bring me a dendrograph. Go see
What is it that those fellows want.
Bring me an oxograph."

Then comes that summing-up of the character in two lines which convinces us of its identity. We could not have selected a better description of this scientific Carmelite ourselves.

Kelso:

**"Somehow my labors seem to irk,
At least they fool and disappoint;
While you are happy on your work,
With nothing fretful out of joint."**

And he describes his work thus:

McIntyre:

"Beyond the facts refrain to hope."

Kelso:

"So you don't hear the country groan. . ."

McIntyre:

"Up in these mountains my hands are full
With trees and cacti as I observe
How much the out-pull and in-pull
Of plants are, proven by the curve
Of lines made by the dendrograph.
Mad men and nations will rise and sink,
Meanwhile I neither rail nor laugh—
I hope a little, work and think.
Perhaps some day the mystic creed
That spirit solely underlies
A microbe, star, a stone, a weed,
Or man, with which it deifies
The universe, may win our eyes. . . . . ."

—Ella Winter

ADULT LEARNING

Edward L. Thorndike—Macmillan ($3).

There is more truth in the saying "Never too old to learn" than in William James' pessimistic view that a man't mental grooves are firmly set before 25. This careful study shows that adults from 25 to 45 can learn at nearly the same rate that they would have learned at 15 or 20 years. And beside from presenting results of the first extensive experiments on the learning abilities of various types of adults—college bred, prisoners, adults in secretarial schools, the bright and the dull—the study will be of value to those who teach adults in night classes or in occupational training schools; for Dr. Thorndike discusses the possibilities and the handicaps of adult education in the light of his new findings.

—Science News-Letter.

TO STUDY EUROPEAN HOTELS

John B. Jordan, Ex-Mayor of Carmel and owner of Pine Inn, leaves Carmel shortly for a long trip abroad with his son Jack. First, however, he will attend to duty. He is going to the National Hotel Convention at Denver on Sept. 25th. Mr. Jordan is the California delegate, as he holds both the office of President of the Northern California Hotel Association and that of Vice-President of the State Hotel Association.

With Carmel, the City Council and the Convention behind him, Mr. Jordan will go straight through to New York and sail from there on Oct. 6th for Naples. And you might think he would go there to rest and laze and idle with the Italian fishermen, listen to the Neapolitan folk-songs, bask in the sun of Italy. But you'd think wrong. Mr. Jordan has a great scheme up his sleeve, for on his return in December he is going to build a new hotel on the sight of the present picturesque redwood frame house. It will be large—200 feet by 135 feet wide—it will have a court 100 by 50 feet—and will probably be something after the style of El Paseo. At any rate it is being designed by the same architect. But here the trip abroad comes in. This enterprising hotelier and worthy citizen of Carmel is taking the sketches with him and intends to go through Italy, Switzerland, France, England—enjoying himself?—no! looking at all the hotels that he can possibly get into his itinerary.

"I am going over to get a new vision of things," said Mr. Jordan, "I am going to make my new hotel as beautiful as it is possible to build. I am going to leave no stone unturned to find out the best in modern hotels combined with the most picturesque and beautiful styles in the architecture best fitted to Carmel."

The hotel men of Italy were entertained by Mayor Jordan when they were in California, and he struck up acquaintances then which he will follow up in Italy now.

So we need not be envious. When we follow him in imagination, free at last of the worries of the Forest Theater, the closed or open doors of the Golden Bough, the Major Traffic Plan, zoning, libraries, water rates and building ordinances; when we follow him into the caves of Capri, along the laughing hillsides of Sorrento, through the glories of Pompeii, by the vine-strewn sides of the Tuscany valley—the leisured lazy enjoyment will be in our own minds only. Mayor Jordan will be thinking hotels, talking hotels, seeing hotels; he will suffer, but on his return all Carmel will be the gainer.

"What's the Use of Anything anyhow? An egg today, a feather-duster tomorrow!"

How would the cock have felt if he'd known about incubators and Hoover vacuum cleaners?

Think a yard, read a foot, talk an inch.

Opens Saturday, September 22nd

7th HEAVEN

by Austin Strong

The play that made strong T.B.M. in New York wipe their glasses.

Carmel Playhouse

THE WIND

When the wind spoke to me
He spoke of the sea
And of deserts and plains
And of Devonshire lanes
And of harebells of blue
That he puts his hand through.
—Say, is that what the wind has spoken to you?

—Lovat Fraser.

SEEN ON OCEAN AVENUE

Jack Jordan not loading trunks on stages. (Pretty soon Jack is going to be a leisured traveller in Europe.)

* * * *

Lin Williams driving his mother's car. Sad reminder that the Jesse Lynch Williams' have left us.

* * * *

Stanley Wood and Lincoln Steffens admiring Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" simultaneously and unanimously.

* * * *

Rhys Williams at a party with Lucita (his wife).

* * * *

A group of her sorrowing play-boys outside the deserted late home of Mrs. M******a B***e.

* * * *

A drawing room conversation at which Orage was not mentioned.

* * * *

Mrs. Fraser not at her looms.

* * * *

Miss Waldvogel in a latest Magnin sports model.

* * * *

The owner of Cabbages and Kings forlornly hunting his spaniel.

* * * *

Several Youngest Sets spurning the Togs but making a have-line (pun on bee-line) for the Toys.

* * * *

Many Carmelites watching the sunset. ("Why, they look at their own sunsets!" marvelled a visitor from Chicago.)

* * * *

Paul shaving

* * * *

Janie Johnston threatening to kill any member of the Carmelite staff on sight if they dare mention her hair again. Well, we are nothing if not courageous. We mention it again. We must. This week it's parted in the middle.

* * * *

A publicity man bringing in his copy on time.

* * * *

No one parked double on Dolores.

* * * *

Miss Van Brower taking down an epic-making remark by a Councilman. (Maybe this is too much. Maybe we'd better leave you now.)

* * * *

Oh no; there is one more. Dave Prince selling Carmelites awfully fast. We wonder why.

* * * *

A sunset.

THREE MILES OUT!

Let us advise you as to what to plant: and When and Where and How.

We will supply the seeds, plants, experience, and labor and then let us watch and work with you the garden we have made. We do as much or as little as you wish.

Lawns a specialty—spraying for mildew and pests—soil—fertilizers—cut flowers.

"My nurseryman never lost interest in the garden he helped us make."
—*E. W. in Manchester Guardian.*

CARMEL FLORISTS

at the Highlands, just south of the Inn.

Telephone 455 *P. O. Box 92—Carmel*

WELCOME RELIEF—
from DRUDGERY

THOUSANDS of modern home makers now know the real economy and welcome relief from drudgery offered by the modern laundry. Instead of weary hours over steaming suds, their washday is three minutes long—two minutes to gather the soiled garments, and one minute to telephone us!

The LAUNDRY *does it best!*

THE GROVE LAUNDRY

H. W. Thompson, Manager: Phone 488 462 - 472 Lighthouse Ave., Pacific Grove

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AS ONE HIGHLANDER TO ANOTHER

Ella Winter had an article on Mrs. Lester Rowntree and her work in the English "Manchester Guardian." The article told about Mrs. Rowntree sending California Wild Flower Seeds to England. Came several letters to Carmel Highlands from readers of the M. G. in the wilds of Northern England, among them the one we print below, addressed to: "The Lady Leslie Rowntree.

Dear Lady, I too am fond of flowers. (man: married: 45 years old: foreman in a stoneware pottery: local preacher.)

Perhaps I ought to have put in **wild flowers,** and put a little emphasis on the wild. All flowers are lovely—wild flowers have a natural loveliness.

In a quiet and humble way I do what I can to beautify waste places by seed sowing of wild flowers. Something to make the earth brighter.

I feel that flowers can preach more eloquent sermons (though silent) than we from the pulpit. I use their aid.

Having written that, I would explain that I have read part of an article in a piece of paper today (part only because some of the paper was torn away,—and I know not the date or title of the paper or I would get a copy, if possible, and read the whole article), and I was impressed. I am pleased when I find someone so interested, who, at the same time, is able to use their interest well.

The association of flowers,—particularly wild ones,—with places by memory exercise much influence. The flower of a native heath exerts influence in degree very little less than the lessons taught by Mother in early childhood.

Just to convey how another in a small way feels concerning this.

Yours truly
(Mr.) Percy Prentice."

BY THE WAY

Hoksai, one of the finest draughtsmen that ever lived, died at the age of ninety. As he lay on his death-bed he wept. "If they would only give me five years more!" he moaned, "maybe I could really make a draughtsman of myself."

A soldier was coming home late into camp with the fruits of a day's foraging in town. He had also lit up a little.

"Halt!" challenged the guard at the camp gates, "Who goes there?"

"Soldier and sausage" came the reply.

"Pass, soldier!" returned the guard "Halt, sausage!"

The wind and the rain
Sew the years
Stitching one year into another.
—Carl Sandburg.

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but after the play

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